

HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE TABLE.

"I wish mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought the remark rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you; I meant strangers, like ministers, and gentlemen from out west, and young ladies."

"Oh!" said I; "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose that you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps the reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home folks. In the first place we owe it to ourselves to look very neat and nice always at our own tables. Boys ought to be very careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces cleaned, their nails free from stain and soil and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen.

I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus. Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. You know that you are not to eat with your knife. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, leave your knife and fork side by side upon it. It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the last drop.—*Selected.*

It is only when the completed life is taken up to God's right hand that we can receive the full impression from it. It is at the distance of heaven that the picture of a saint's life can best be seen. It was expedient to the Master that he should go away; and so is it also with the servant.—*Rev. D. K. Auchterlonie, of Craigdam.*

TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promise and oaths.—*Ex.*

Children's Department.

"LITTLE SUN-BONNET."

They called her "Little Sunbonnet." I will tell you why.

Her mamma had promised to take her to a picnic, and for days little Beth could talk of nothing else.

The night before the picnic day Beth had caught sight of little round cakes, tarts, and a Washington pie on the pantry shelf; and when her bed-time came, and she was up in her little room with mamma, she asked so many, many questions that at last mamma said:—

"There, there, dear, you must go to sleep, so as to wake very, very early in the morning."

After mamma had left her, Beth lay for a long time thinking; and this awful thought came to her—suppose she shouldn't wake "very, very early," and so have no time to get dressed for the picnic!

In a twinkling Beth was out of bed. She pulled on her stockings. She buttoned the six buttons of each small boot, and as many buttons of her dress as she could reach. Then she felt around in the dark for her pink calico sun-bonnet. Then she tied tightly under her chin. Then she crept softly back into bed.

How mamma laughed when she came into her little daughter's room in the morning! And how every one else laughed! And now you know how Beth came to be called "Little Sun-bonnet."—*Baby-land.*

HOW BABY WENT HOME.

The door of Henning's saloon was pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looking eagerly about. "Papa! papa! Where's my papa?" she cried.

A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half-way to his lips started at the sound of the plaintive voice, and sat down the untasted beer.

"What do you want, Bessie?" he asked.

"O ppaa, come home!" she exclaimed; "baby's dying!"

"Baby dying!" he repeated, mechanically, snatching his hat, and, taking the hand of the trembling child, they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the father and the child, he with bared head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

They stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs; till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 8. On a wretched bed, covered by a

ragged quilt, lay the tiny form of a "baby," so still, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud agonized groan burst from the father's lips. "My God! is our little darling to leave us?"

"O, George!" sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her hand timidly on his shoulder. "She called for 'papa' right up to a few minutes ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels."

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his large brown one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"George," sobbed the mother, "God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be—the parents—of a baby angel—that we ought—to be good?"

"Yes, Mary, I do, and from this time on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and smiled into the faces of her parents.

"All yight, papa," she murmured, then closed her eyes forever. Baby has fulfilled her mission.—*Ex.*

TAKEN TO HEAVEN.

Little Nan's grandmother was telling her the other day about the little girl babies that were killed often, in lands where Jesus is not known; killed because their cruel fathers do not like to have daughters to take care of.

"Think of a dear wee girlie like our Lucy," she said, "with sweet red lips and bright eyes and soft, small hands and feet, being tied up in a sack with a heavy stone and being thrown into the cold, dreadful river."

And now let me tell you what a sweet thought Nan had about this sad story: her eyes were full of tears and her voice trembled a little but she looked up brightly and said: "Oh, grandmama, don't you know the little girl was glad to be taken up quick by the angels out of the cold river, to such a beautiful place as Heaven?"

A SOFT ANSWER.

Bessie's verse for the morning had been carefully explained to her. It was this: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

That afternoon Bessie became very angry because Margie told her she had a pug nose. Bessie was just going to retort:—

"I don't care. That isn't half as bad as squint eyes and straight black hair!" but she remembered just in time, and said softly:—

"I know it," Then Margie felt sorry for her rudeness and added: "But you're pretty all the same and I love you!"